

CHAOS!
ON THE EDGE

Nutman • Beck • Wolf • Jensen

HALLOWEEN II™

#1

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The Blackest Eyes



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JASON MOORE
JEN JENSEN

HALLOWEEN™

The Blackest Eyes

Mickey Yablans & Brian Pulido Present...

a Compass International Pictures/Chaos! Comics Production of
A Comic Book Movie by Phil Nutman and Mickey Yablans

II

As a child, Tommy Doyle narrowly escaped being butchered by Michael Myers on that fateful Halloween night in 1978. Haunted by the horrifying memories, Doyle has spent most of his life obsessing over uncovering the secret of the Myers family curse. Recently, he obtained the personal diaries Michael's former therapist, the late Dr. Sam Loomis — and nearly died when Michael (aka The Shape) reappeared. Now, as the clock hands move toward midnight on Halloween, Tommy is intent on finally discovering the truth and destroying Michael forever...

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HADDONFIELD,
ILLINOIS.

12:09 AM, OCTOBER
31ST, HALLOWEEN.



PIT II
THE
BLACKEST
EYES!



YOU
SONOFABITCH.
WHEREVER YOU
ARE, I'M GONNA
FIND YOU AND
FINALLY KILL
YOU.



CRAP!
THE
DIARIES! THEY
BETTER NOT BE
DAMAGED...



THEY'RE
OK, THANK
GOD!

BUT RIGHT
NOW I NEED
TO FIND YOU,
MICHAEL.
WHILE
YOU'RE WEAK.



"THERE'S ONLY
ONE PLACE YOU'D
GO... HOME."

"THE MYERS
HOUSE."

FOR 24 YEARS, THE MYERS HOUSE
HAS HAUNTED RICHIE CASTLE'S
DREAMS, LEADING, ENDLESSLY,
BACK TO THE NIGHTMARE OF
WHEN HE MET THE BOGEYMAN...





HE'S GONNA GET YOU, TOMMY!

YEAH! THE BOOGIE-MAN!

THAT HALLOWEEN AFTERNOON, RICHIE DIDN'T KNOW HE'D MET THE DEVIL IN DISGUISE...



BUT AS HE LOOKED INTO THOSE EYES, THE BLACKEST EYES, HE KNEW EVIL HAD COME TO HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS...



BY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WHEN PEOPLE WERE DEAD, RICHIE KNEW THAT EVIL NOW CALLED HADDONFIELD ITS HOME...



THOSE 24 YEARS HAVE NOT BEEN KIND TO RICHIE.

HE NEVER MADE IT OUT OF HADDONFIELD ON A FOOTBALL SCHOLARSHIP. HIS ATTEMPT TO BE A SUCCESS IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS WENT SOUR DURING THE MARKET BUST OF THE '80s. HE LOST HIS WIFE, HIS JOB, HIS HOUSE.

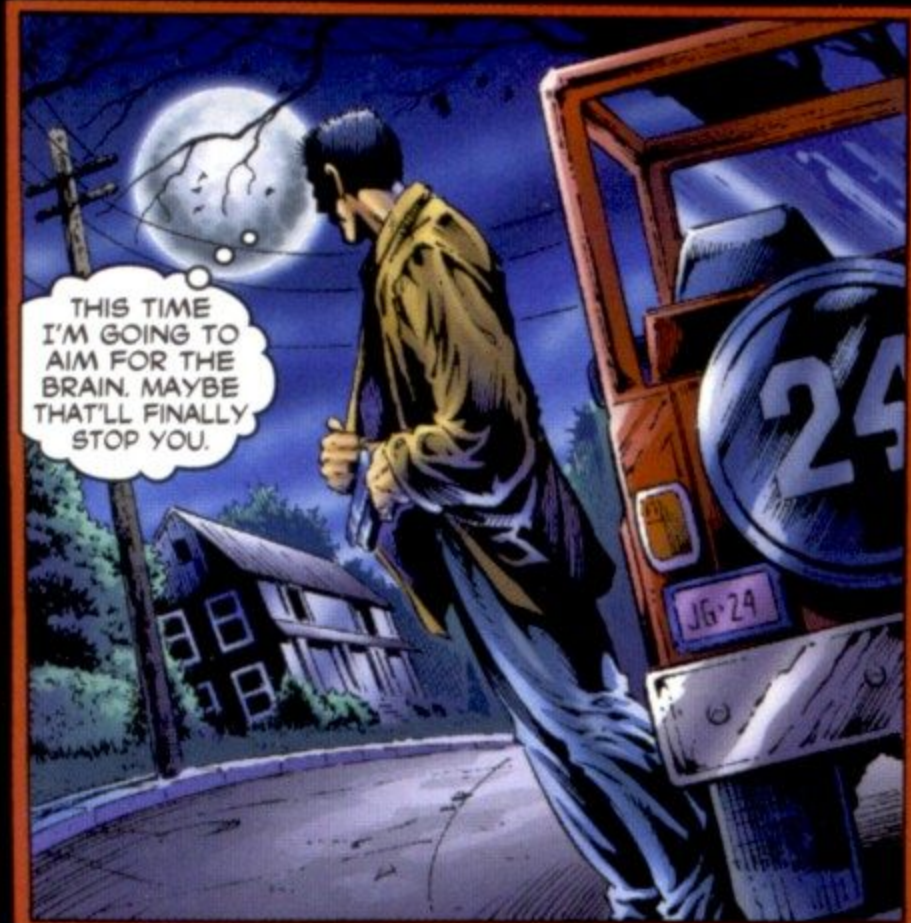
TONIGHT, RICHIE'S
GOING TO BURN
DOWN THE PAST...



AAAAHHH!!!

BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM









20 MINUTES
LATER. FIVE
MILES OUTSIDE
HADDONFIELD...

WHAT'S
BRACKETT DOING
HERE? HE MOVED
TO PENNSYLVANIA
YEARS AGO -- AND
WHO'S THAT HE'S
BURYING?!!

KRAK

WHO'S
THERE?!

DAMN!
WHAT DO
I DO
NOW?



POLICE!
FREEZE!

THIS IS
SHERIFF
BRACKETT,
I'M A
COP.

PUT
THAT
SHOVEL
DOWN.

WAIT A
MINUTE,
I KNOW
YOU!



DOYLE!
TOMMY
DOYLE!
YOU'RE NO
COP!



RIGHT,
AND I NEVER
WAS ANY GOOD
AT BLUFFING. BUT
SINCE WHEN DID
FORMER SHERIFFS
START BURYING
BODIES IN FIELDS,
BRACKETT?



WHAT'RE
YOU DOING
HERE?

I COULD
ASK THE SAME
OF YOU. THIS IS A
LONG WAY FROM
PENNSYLVANIA.

WHO'S
IN THE
CAR?



JESUS!
RICHIE
CASTLE!

IT WAS
A MISTAKE.
I THOUGHT
HE WAS
MYERS.



GODDAMN SONOFA --

HEY! THAT'S RICHIE'S CAR UP AHEAD.

YOU THINK THAT STUPID BASTARD'S GONNA MAKE GOOD ON HIS PROMISE TO BURN THIS PLACE DOWN?

I'LL BURN HIS ASS DOWN IF HE'S HERE.

YOU TAKE THE BACK.

ERM... WHY DON'T WE STICK TOGETHER?

WASSA MATTER, YOU AFRAID OF THE BOGEYMAN?



YOU KNEW, DIDN'T YOU? YOU ALWAYS KNEW MORE THAN YOU LET ONTO BRACKETT.

OH, I KNOW THINGS, KID. I KNOW THINGS THAT'VE BEEN EATING ME UP INSIDE FOR YEARS.

ISN'T JUST THE MYERS FAMILY WHO'RE CURSED -- THIS WHOLE TOWN'S CURSED.

NOW, YOU GOING TO KEEP POINTING THAT GUN AT ME OR YOU GOING TO HELP?



TELL ME EVERYTHING -- THEN MAYBE I'LL HELP.



KEITH'S RIGHT -- THIS PLACE STILL GIVES ME THE CREEPS.

WHAT THE FU --

WHAT'S THIS S@#\$?

JEEZ! WHERE'D ALL THIS BLOOD COME FROM?



RICHIE?
RICHIE,
YOU THERE
MAN?

HADDONFIELD
WAS ONE OF THE
EARLIEST TOWNS
FOUNDED IN THE
MIDWEST.

THE NAME
IS DERIVED
FROM "HAYDEN,"
MEANING
"CURSED."

THE DEVOUT
PROTESTANTS WHO
ESCAPED RELIGIOUS
PERSECUTION IN
ENGLAND WEREN'T
THE ONLY ONES...

"SOME OF THOSE, CONTEMPORARIES
OF THE INFAMOUS COTTON MATHER,
WERE, BEHIND THEIR PIOUS PILGRIM
FACES, ACTUALLY WORSHIPERS OF A
FAR OLDER RELIGION -- DRUIDS."



"DURING THE NEW ENGLAND
WITCH HUNTS, A GROUP OF
CLANDESTINE DRUIDS LED
BY ONE **MURPHEY MYERS**,
HEADED WEST, FEARING
FOR THEIR LIVES."

"MYERS WAS THE DIRECT
DESCENDANT OF A CURSED
BLOODLINE -- THE CURSE
OF SAMHAIN WAS PLACED
UPON ONE OF MYERS
DESCENDANTS, NEARLY
2,000 YEARS AGO."

"EVERY GENERATION OF MYERS
WAS CURSED. WHILE THE
WOMENFOLK WERE TOUCHED
WITH VISIONS AND SOMETIMES
THE ABILITY TO READ MINDS,
THE FIRST-BORN MALE OF EACH
GENERATION CARRIED THE
SEED OF SAMHAIN'S EVIL."

RICHIE?
KEITH? QUIT
@##\$%IN' AROUND,
GUYS, I KNOW
YOU'RE
HERE.

HUH?



NO!

NOO!

GURGLE



HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS -- YOU'RE PART OF IT.

YOU'RE PART OF THE CULT -- LIKE MRS. BLANKENSHIP, MICHAEL'S BABY SITTER.

NO.

MOST OF HADDONFIELD'S LEADING TOWNSPEOPLE ARE DIRECT DESCENDANTS OF THOSE FOUNDING DRUID FATHERS, BUT NOT US BRACKETTS. MY GRANDFATHER MOVED TO HADDONFIELD IN 1901.



SO HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

I WAS A COP, REMEMBER? COPS INVESTIGATE.



"IN ORDER TO APPEASE THE GODS, THE DRUID PRIESTS HELD FIRE RITUALS -- PRISONERS OF WAR, CRIMINALS, THE INSANE -- WERE BURNED ALIVE. BY OBSERVING THE WAY THEY DIED, THEY BELIEVED THEY COULD SEE OMENS OF THE FUTURE."



"MICHAEL WAS NEVER MEANT TO LIVE. FOR THREE GENERATIONS THE MYERS FAMILY HAD BEEN BLESSED WITH PEACE -- NONE HAD KILLED. BUT THAT NIGHT -- HALLOWEEN 1957 -- THEY KNEW THE EVIL HAD RETURNED, STRONGER THAN EVER."



"AUDREY MYERS WAS TORTURED BY AN AGONIZING THREE-DAY LABOR: MICHAEL WAS BORN AT 11:57 PM THAT NIGHT."

"HE WAS THE FIRST OF THE CURSED MYERS' OFFSPRING TO BE BORN ON THAT DAY -- AS IF THE CURSE WAS WAITING FOR A VESSEL TO CARRY THE ULTIMATE EVIL."

"MICHAEL'S BODY MAY HAVE ENTERED THE WORLD THAT NIGHT, BUT HIS SOUL DID NOT -- HE WAS STILLBORN."



"BUT THAT SOUL -- THAT BLACKHEARTED SOUL -- DID ARRIVE: AS NIGHT BECAME DAY -- THE DAY OF THE DEAD."

"HE WAS OFFICIALLY PRONOUNCED ALIVE AT 12:06 AM, AND THE CURSE WAS FULFILLED."

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

"MICHAEL DISPLAYED NO EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS FROM HIS DARK BEGINNINGS. HE EVEN SANG IN THE CHURCH CHOIR WITH MY YOUNGER BROTHER."



"BUT THE LEADERS WERE NOT SO EASILY LULLED INTO A FALSE SENSE OF PEACE. THEY WAITED, WATCHING, FOR THE FURY OF SAMHAIN TO BE RELEASED."

"LIKE A BOIL, THE BUBBLE BURST ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT, 1963, WHEN MICHAEL KILLED HIS SISTER, JUDITH."

"POOR SWEET, SICK, JUDITH."

"MY EX-GIRLFRIEND."



YOU KNEW JUDITH?

IN THE BIBLICAL SENSE? YEAH, ME AND HALF THE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM, TOO, AS IT TURNED OUT.

I DATED HER FOR A WHILE, BEFORE I WENT AWAY TO COLLEGE.

POOR @#\$%ED UP KID.



I HEARD RUMORS MR. MYERS WAS ABUSIVE.

PHYSICALLY? YEAH. HE WAS A DISCIPLINARIAN. SEXUALLY? MAYBE. JUDITH WAS A NYMPHO. AND THERE WAS SOME STRANGE BOND BETWEEN HER AND MICHAEL.

"MAYBE HE KILLED HER OUT OF JEALOUSY. I NEVER LEARNED THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT, BUT JUDITH'S DEATH LED TO ME BECOMING A COP."



SO HOW DID YOU UNCOVER THE OTHER STUFF?

HISTORICAL RESEARCH. COP WORK. AND LOOMIS.

AFTER ANNIE DIED AND HE SAVED LAURIE STRODE AT THE HOSPITAL HE GAVE ME HIS DIARIES.

HIS PRIVATE DIARIES.

YOU HAVE THEM?!



WHEN SAM DIED I RECEIVED A PACKAGE -- HIS SECRET DIARIES.



WHAT?
WHAT'S IN
THEM? I
MEAN --?

LOOK,
KID, I'M NOT
GETTING ANY
YOUNGER DIGGING
THIS HOLE. YOU
GONNA HELP
OR WHAT?

WHAT'S
THAT?



THOMAS
DOYLE, YOU
HAVE MEDDLED
ENOUGH IN OUR
AFFAIRS. AND YOU,
LEIGH BRACKETT --
YOU SHOULD
KNOW BETTER THAN
TO DESECRATE
THIS SACRED
PLACE.

BUT NO
MORE.



HADDONFIELD.
DUSK.

WHERE ARE WE?
UHH...
MAN, MY HEAD!

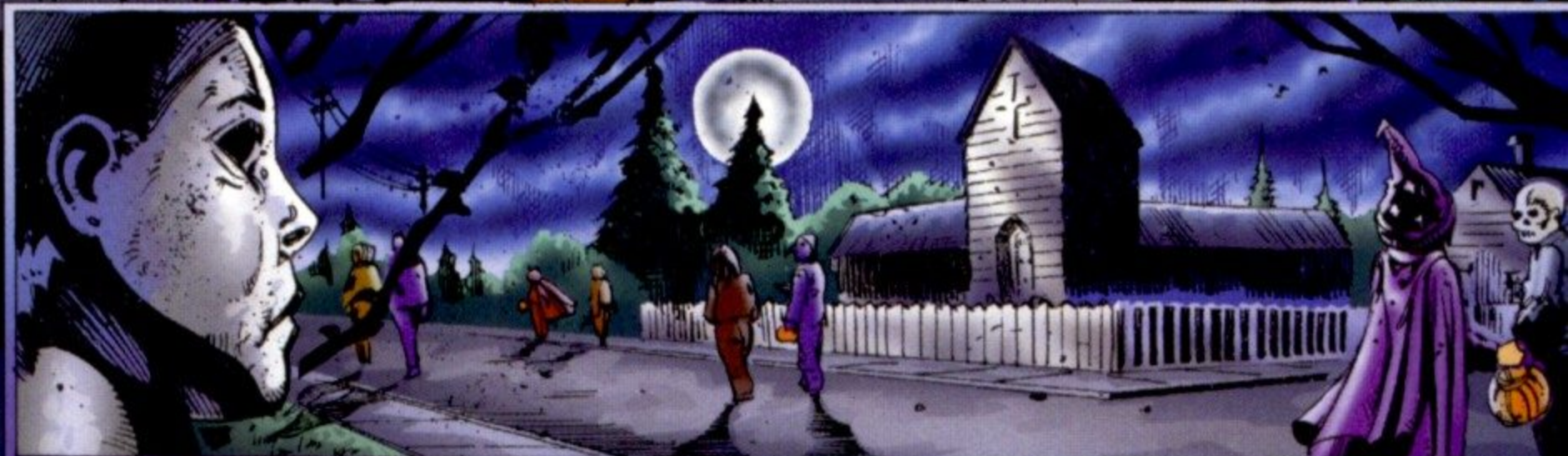
CHURCH BASEMENT.

WHAT'RE THEY GOING TO DO WITH US?

SACRIFICES TO SAMHAIN MOST LIKELY. TRY TO READ THE FUTURE IN OUR CHARRED INTESTINES.

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

GOOD LUCK, DOYLE. WE'RE TIED TIGHT. NO CHANCE. I ALREADY TRIED.



I SEE NO POINT IN KILLING THEM -- THE OLD WAYS DON'T WORK. I'LL BE A PARTY TO NO MORE SACRIFICES.

THEY KNOW TOO MUCH.

BRACKETT WON'T TALK -- ONE WORD TO THE STATE POLICE AND HE'LL SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN PRISON FOR MURDER. AND THE DOYLE BOY HAS A HISTORY OF MENTAL PROBLEMS. WHO WOULD BELIEVE HIM?

WE CANNOT TAKE CHANCES. THEY DO NOT BELONG.

IT'S HIM WE SHOULD BE WORRIED ABOUT. WE CAN'T CONTROL HIM AND I --

BUT WE CAN CONTAIN HIM.





YOU
MUST
GO --

NO!
YOU KNOW
WHERE HE
IS, DON'T
YOU?

WE'VE
GOT TO
STOP
HIM.

PLEASE --
GO NOW.

YOU
CAN'T
STOP
HIM.

THEY
THINK THEY
CAN CONTROL
HIM, THE FOOLS.
I'LL BE A PARTY
TO IT NO
LONGER.



MY
GOD!

BRACKETT!
HELP ME!







WABBAWABBAW



THREE MONTHS LATER...

THE HADDONFIELD GAZETTE
LOCAL MAN
CONVICTED OF
MURDER, ARSO

Haddonfield resident Thomas Doyle was today found guilty yet criminally insane of the murder of former police chief Leigh Brackett. Doyle, who has a long criminal record, was committed to the Smith's Grove Workhouse.

I DON'T CARE WHAT IT TAKES... WHATEVER I HAVE TO DO TO GET OUT OF HERE. I KNOW YOU'RE STILL ALIVE. AND I KNOW YOU'LL BE BACK!



THE END -- UNTIL NEXT HALLOWEEN!